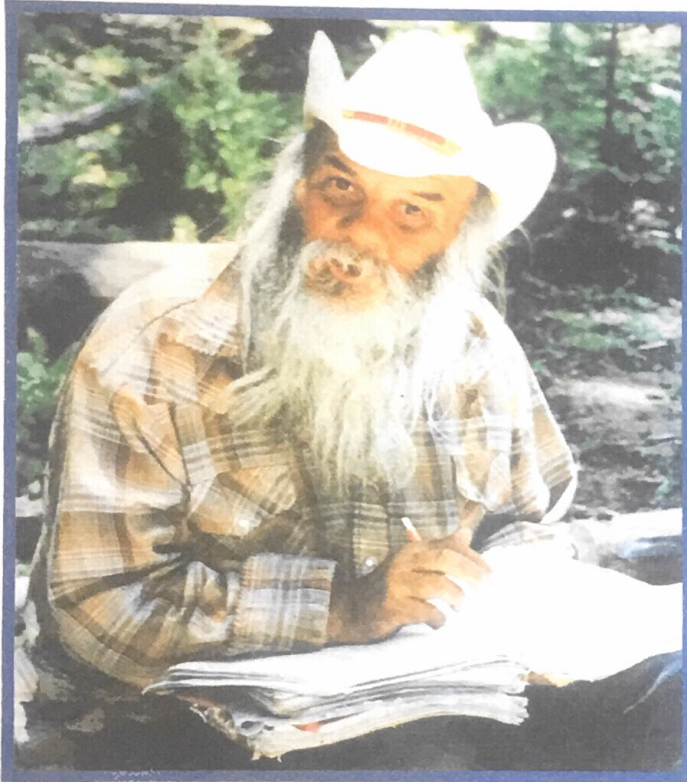




Rainbow Family Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.*

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13.D

GIPCY TEX - "The Revolution
Was Crushed"

10 pages

[13.D]

Gipcy Tex

[I met Gipcy Tex in Austin when we were at the LBJ Library demonstration in June, 1971. before either one of us had heard of Rainbow. He had been a friend of Fox Fire's. They were both in the Quaker Peace Vigil in front of the White House. His story shows the tremendous wave of hope for a transforming revolution that swept across American youth in the late Sixties and early Seventies - followed by disillusionment which was followed by Rainbow as an effort to revive that hope on a new basis.]

Gipcy Tex - The Revolution Was Crushed

I was born October 9, 1942 in Charleston, South Carolina. My father was a switchboard operator for South Carolina Electric and Gas Company. He generated power. The last time I heard, my mother was working for Charleston Naval Yard. My sister and I had already grown when my parents divorced.

I went into high school in 1956. I had failed eighth grade. We were having a lot of trouble. The blacks wanted to go to school with us. The Supreme Court integrated our schools. I was a redneck then. I was living in a neighborhood that maybe a quarter of a mile from us was a black neighborhood. I used to go over to this pit that they dug top soil out of and get rocks and throw them at the blacks. And they would throw them at us. I quit the tenth grade in 1959. I went in the Air Force on July 22, 1960.

I first went to Lackland Air Force Base. Then Kelly. In April, 1961, the Bay of Pigs invasion, I was on a C-131 plane ready to transport the 82d Airborne to Cuba if President Kennedy told us to go. By October, 1962, the Cuban Missile Crisis, I was Airman 2d class, a medic. I was pretty pissed off by the crisis. We didn't like Kennedy, but then we didn't like the Communists. I was born and raised a Southern Baptist - arch enemies of the Catholics - and Kennedy was a Catholic.

In 1964 I got orders to Nam. I was stationed at Tan Son Nhut. It was fairly uneventful. There was fighting going on between the ARVN [South Vietnamese Army] and the Viet Cong, but we weren't involved. We were just allies and helped set up safe villages for the Montagnards. After the Gulf of Tonkin incident in August, 1964, we were bombing some of the outlying districts of the

Ho Chi Minh Trail, but not the cities of North Vietnam. We were bombing the south a lot - the Viet Cong network of tunnels. It was relatively quiet at the time. There wasn't much heavy fighting. You've got to realize, this was all second hand. I wasn't on combat status.

I think 1964 was the best time in Nam. The only thing I did was go to Saigon and drink some beer and ball some Vietnamese mammas. I never got hassled. In 1964 I was along with everybody else, putting pot down.

In November, 1964, I voted for George Wallace by write-in on my absentee ballot. I felt Wallace was saving the country. I was very down on the civil rights movement. Then I met Gary, a Army second lieutenant - a black man from Alabama who turned out to be a really dynamite brother. I started talking to him. With Gary it's hard to describe. I didn't relate to him as a black man. He was a brother - a comrade in arms. You've got to realize where my head was at that time. I still felt I was in Vietnam, saving the world from Communism.

I went back to the States in April, 1965, and stayed in Donaldson AFB South Carolina, until January, 1966, when I went to firefighters' school at Lackland AFB. I got orders to go back to Nam in February 1966. I had made up my mind. I still felt I was doing right in Vietnam, but I felt this was my second time and other people should be doing it too. I had done my part. People weren't supposed to go to Vietnam more than once. Snatch up them hippies off the street and send them to Vietnam, make them fight.

June 22, 1966 in Vietnam I smoked pot for the first time. The sixth anniversary of when I entered the Air Force. Gary the black brother I had met in '64, turned me on. He was really mellow. He didn't believe in the war, but I think it was more a black ethnic reason than it was thinking the Vietnamese were fighting a civil war and we shouldn't be there.

I had a lady. She was half French, half Vietnamese. She worked for the British Embassy as an interpreter. Her uncle was an old man, a peasant. I talked to him a whole bunch. He helped change my head a lot. He told me the Vietnamese didn't care who was in Saigon as long as they had a little patch to grow their rice. The ARVN killed him. It was said that he was a Viet Cong

supporter. I don't believe that. He was a classic example of non-violence, apolitical.

In 1967, I was sitting in my room and Gary, the black, was there and I was talking to him about tripping and he asked me if I still wanted to and I said, "Well, yes." He explained how it felt and gave me half a hit of purple haze. That night we had incoming fire. I could have flipped out very easily, but he looked out the window and said "Oh, wow man. We've got incoming. Let's go up on the roof and check out the colors." He said it in such a calm way it seemed natural. We went on the roof. One of the rockets hit a C-141 which at the time was the biggest Air Force transport there was. Needless to say, I had a very good trip.

I had changed my head considerably during that time. I was disillusioned with the war, but I wasn't to the point where I was condemning the government. I didn't believe in the war, but maybe there was something I didn't know.

I was a sergeant. I was on a plane, a C-119 carrying bodies—dead Americans—back to Stuttgart, Germany. I enjoyed myself in Germany—smoked lots of hash, did lots of fucking. It took my mind off it and that's why I didn't go on R and R. I went back to Andrews AFB at the end of the summer of 1967. I was on call during that time because of the anti-war movement at the Pentagon. We were supposed to bust their heads. They didn't call us because they were afraid we would join them. I went AWOL to South Carolina and my father called the Air Police on me. I went AWOL three or four times.

In December, 1968, I got my final orders to go back to Nam. I told my commanding officer, "This will be the last time I will go." In January, 1969, I went back. Gary had been there for a little over a year that time. He was at Chu Lai, I was at Da Nang. They put him in charge of base security. In October, 1969, I kept bugging him about me going on patrol with him around the base perimeter. We went out at about six o'clock in the morning. Somebody tripped an AP mine. Gary got the Pull Force of it in his chest. I copped a piece of shrapnel in my ass. In reality, I shouldn't have been there, but I was. They took me to the hospital. They told me Gary was dead. I flipped out. At that time I

made up my mind to get out of the Service.

I came back to the States. They kept me in the hospital for three weeks. As soon as I got out of the hospital, I went AWOL. Actually it was desertion, but they didn't count it as such. Between November, 1969 and February, 1970, I was arrested 13 times for AWOL. Finally the provost marshal came to my cell. He was a good dude, a major. He asked what do I want. I said, "A fucking piece of paper with your name on it. I don't care if it says honorable, dishonorable or get the fuck off the base."

I left Lackland AFB at seven in the morning and stuck out a thumb. Two days later I was camped out with the Quaker Peace Vigil on the White House sidewalk. From that point on, I became more and more and more militant. I was actively calling for the violent overthrow of the United States government. I found that partially from my personality and partially from my environment - street people - that I became a third class citizen automatically. When I had short hair, the street freaks didn't want to have nothing to do with me and by the nature of my personality, the cops didn't care for me either.

In 1970 on the Peace Vigil I met a gay brother named Deacon. For some reason I attract gay people - not as lovers, but I think they're truer friends. I was working at the DC switchboard, helping runaways find houses to crash. We had a collective where we lived. Deacon was helping out. He was renting the Community House. It had three stories. Switchboard was in the basement. He had a head shop - it was in his name, but in reality, it was ours. I worked in it for nothing. We were paying for a house for the collective out of the head shop - \$200 a month. We paid for the Community House out of the head shop profits too - \$175 a month.

I went to California and met a gay brother I had known in the Service, Joel, who was writing for television. I stayed in his house for about six months and during that time I met Frank Sinatra and Janis Joplin. I fell in love with Janis Joplin, totally and completely. When I met her, I had some dope. Joel told me, "There's a cocktail party. I don't get into them, but there's a singer there. I think you ought to go over." I got her a drink. She asked me to. She told me to sit down

beside her. I talked to her for a while. I asked her if she wanted to smoke a joint, which was silly because she could probably afford the best of the best of the best. She asked if I would come hear her sing. I said, if the fence wasn't too high. She said she'd get me a free pass. I was kind of idealistic at the time. I said, didn't she know that the greatest majority of her fans were street people who couldn't afford to come see her? She said she had kind of spaced that out, but she told me to wait at the gate. So she came on stage at the LA Colosseum with a bottle of Jack Daniels on her hip and said, "I don't sing a Goddam word until the gates open." Well, the gates opened and we all came screaming in.

When we came in, I can't say for sure, but I think there were tears in her eyes, and she said, "Brothers and sisters, this is for you. And she swung into "Summertime." And every concert after that, the gates opened. When she died in November, 1970, I was in Austin, Texas. She bought some really good junk and it was too heavy and she OD'd.

In 1970, I did a lot of trucking around to a lot of concerts. I did the festival circuit. I didn't do too much work—mostly doing security at concerts. I went with the Vietnam Veterans Against the War demonstration in Washington DC. I donated my purple heart in the face of a cop.

May Day that year I was working for Information Referral in Washington DC on DuPont Circle. It was not the Switchboard, but it was working out of Switchboard offices getting places for demonstrators to stay, helmets, gas masks, 16-foot long poles to push cops back. They had chains on them on both ends, three men on each end who swung the poles. We liberated DuPont Circle for three days.

We had every road blocked going in Washington DC. We stopped the government. The cops came on their put-put scooters about 10 or 12 abreast up Connecticut Avenue. That's where the 16-foot poles with chains came in real handy. We took out the first six rows of cops. We didn't care about if they shot. We were fighting a revolution. If they opened up, we would have too. I think there was about 100 guns in DuPont Circle at the time. Georgetown University had our medical facilities. We had lawyers from them and Legal Aid who were working overtime. We had about a \$20,000 slush

Tons for bail bonds. As fast as they took us to jail, we were getting out.

I got arrested and put in the stadium with 15,000 other demonstrators. We had a sort of mini-riot at the stadium. I think about 3,000 or 4,000 people broke out. I understand that while I was in the stadium, that the cops took Du Pont Circle. I don't know, because by the time I got out of the stadium, it was in our hands. I was working in an ambulance. A sister was pregnant. She went into labor. A park pig came running up. He was going to shoot her in the face with tear gas. I kicked him in the face. I drove off with her in the ambulance. She had a fine revolutionary baby boy named Freedom.

I think the government declared martial law - not that it made any difference. It's pretty much hazy after that. After I got off the ambulance, there was a bunch of park pigs riding horses across Key Bridge at about 15 or 20 militants on the bridge. The cops tried to crowd everybody - "Keep walking, keep walking." Horses are very intimidating. I really hated to do it, but I threw some pepper in a horse's face. The horse sneezed. When the horse bolted, the cop brought his billy club across my face and broke my jaw in three places. I went to Georgetown and got my jaw wired. When I walked back to Du Pont Circle, I found Deacon in his head shop with some guy friends, both men and women, tearing up strips of cloth into bandages. I helped with that. Then I went half a block away and helped liberate a Town House Safeway's at 20th and S. We cleaned them out. We gave away the stuff to everybody that came along. After we liberated Safeway's, they brought the National Guard from some place down South with fixed bayonets. A bunch of sisters walked up to a platoon and asked them very sweetly to put their arms down. They deserted. Then the heavy equipment came in - armored personnel carriers - and that weekend, the revolution was crushed. We had been looking to bring it all down.

I stayed in DC after that, but I was travelling all over back and forth. I went to Kent State for a demonstration. I came to Austin for the demonstration at the LBJ Library demonstration. I went to South Carolina, but there wasn't nothing happening there.

In 1972, I stayed on the road, hitting the festivals. I went to demonstrate at the Republican convention in Miami, but there was a bunch of Miami pigs. But I got off on the old people in Miami in the demonstration—little old Jewish ladies from New Jersey with their spiked heels. The Miami pigs got intimidated and called the National Guard.

In '72 or '73, I was hunting more of a place to settle down. I was getting burnt out. I kept going back to the Quaker Peace Vigil at the White House. I was busted when the vigil was closed down by the park pigs lock, stock and barrel. Demonstrations were pretty passe by then.

The night the cops came down, there was 14 people in the vigil. I was going by the name of Tex at the time. At 2:30 in the morning, 200 park pigs closed off Pennsylvania Avenue. They came up and said they had a piece of paper that said we could not have any baggage on the sidewalk. If it wasn't on our person, it would be confiscated. I had a pack, another person's pack and about 50 pounds of clothes and blankets. People kept coming by and giving us money and saying, "Don't give up."

Melissa, a demonstrator, came from the donut shop with some cream and sugar in styrofoam containers with tops on them and asked if she could put them on my feet so the park pigs couldn't get them. I said, "Sure, but my feet are bare." She put them on my feet. But the cream container had a hole in it. It tipped over, and about half a dozen drops of milk dropped on the sidewalk. A park pig came running up to me and said, "Lick it up!" I said, "What?" He says, "God damn you, I said, lick it up!"

I gave him one of the sweetest smiles I have ever given anybody in my life and said for him to shove it up his ass. He started to grab my arm. Melissa de Kelly, five feet tall and nothing but nitro, ran up and said, "Don't you hurt him!" He grabbed her and threw her against the White House fence. She came off the wall like a banshee and I'll bet he's got the claw marks on his face to this day. John the Anarchist was standing there with a Communist flag. He raises his arms and screamed at the top of his lungs, "Troops in the trees, take aim!"

Two hundred park pigs hit the ground. They grabbed John

and Melissa and threw them in the car. They grabbed me, twisted my arms behind my back, handcuffed me, knelt me in the stomach and threw me in the car. They took us to park pig headquarters. For some reason they were intimidated. They didn't know how to handle us. I think it was because of Melissa. She kept screaming, "Motherfucking pigs this and that!" I told this cop he was a punk motherfucker. He wasn't man enough to fight me without my handcuffs on. We went on arraignment. The Quaker house got us out. They dropped all charges.

After that I did some traveling. I hit the road for a while. Then a brother told me about Free State - 600 acres, 75 miles south of DC where anybody could set up a house. I lived at Free State for a year or more. In May, 1973 I met a lady there, Donna. We lived together for 2 1/2 years. I grew pot. We grew vegetables and built a three-room house. Donna had my daughter Kelly there, named after a buddy I was on the road with for two years. I really love that little lady.

We hitched to the 1973 Rainbow Gathering in Wyoming. Donna was pregnant with Kelly at the time. We really had a hard time going out there and coming back. Lots of pigs around there. They kept asking me my name. I kept trying to tell them my name was Tex. We hitched back from the gathering, went to DC, saw Deacon, rested up and ate good. I had a little blue tick hound - name was Skinny. Somebody kicked Skinny in the stomach. She died of massive hemorrhages. We went back to Free State.

We left there and moved to 140 acres in Pittsboro, North Carolina - swamp lands. The farm hadn't been farmed in 22 years. We lived in an old mule barn. I had my best dope crop there. The tallest pot plant grew 22 feet tall. The owner of the land wrote me that he knew what I was doing and that we had to go. In August, 1974, we moved to Chapel Hill. I had in mind to burn down the house, but two wrongs don't make a right.

We had a boy named Patrick Lee - for Robert E. Lee. After he was born, a brother named Bryan fell in love with Donna, and I moved out and they started living together. I kept going back to see them for about six months. For some

reason, Donna developed a hatred of me. I think it was because she couldn't understand how I could understand. I don't hold any ill feelings toward her at all. I'm just very sad I don't get to see my kids. If her and Bryan get married, I know I'll see my kids. Bryan is one of the finest brothers I've ever known.

I came to New Mexico in 1976. I really wasn't heavily involved in Rainbow then. I copped foot stamps and gave them to Jaysun and Feather and headed to South Texas to pick some peyote. I went back to Austin with 50 or 60 pounds of peyote. I walked with my bag of peyote down Guadalupe Street.

I heard a voice behind me say, "Where you been, man?" I said, "South Texas." He said, "Oh, that's too bad." I turned around and it was a cop. He was a pretty good dude. He only took about ten pounds of buttons. I went out to Hippie Hollow by Lake Travis outside of Austin and lived for a while and partied.

Then I went to the Rainbow Gathering in New Mexico in June, 1977. I got there when there was only 22 people there. It was the most beautiful experience I've ever had in my life. I got my head together more than it ever was. I mellowed a lot. I left on July 1, because so many people were coming in and I don't like crowds. But I wouldn't give up that experience for the world.

I went with a lady I met at the gathering to Willie Nelson's picnic in Tulsa. Then we went to Rock Springs, Wyoming, and I worked on an oil rig. She didn't like the area so she left. I was the token hippie on my oil drilling crew. My driller was a stone cold redneck. His son was 15 years old, the motorman on the crew, the only one on the crew who would smoke a joint with me.

When I was working on the oil rig, we would get coffee and sandwiches on the way to work. The other people on the crew would throw away their paper cups and sandwich wrappers, and I would really give them hell. My driller got mad at me and I said, "Look, that's partly my land that you're littering." And then, when I was about to leave Wyoming, another guy came on the crew and he started to throw a paper cup out the window and my driller pulled the car over and said, "We don't litter here."

I saved \$1,000 from the oil rig and hitched down through Boulder and met a lady from Northeastern University. We moved into a house. Then she met up with a dude with a van who was going to the Yukon and she wanted to go with him. She liberated me of my money.

So I went down to Austin and spent the winter at the Rainbow Co-op House. I liked it at first, but toward the end no - after the killing and the up tight vibes and Richard trying to play God. I met Richard and Michelle at the gathering in New Mexico. He was really a mellow dude. I fell in love with him and Michelle. But Richard just got so burnt out at the Rainbow House that he couldn't cope. The biggest thing that really bummed me out was one night there was a brother sitting in the room with Richard and Michelle. I stepped up to the door and this brother says, "Why can't we do it through love? If we have to put people out, put them out, but let's not be violent."

Richard said, "If you don't like the way it's being done, get out."

I said, "But Richard, he's right."

He said, "I'm tired of you, too. Get out."

I said, "No, I won't."

Next day I moved out on the land someone was letting the Rainbow Family use. There was a bunch of drunks there. I was out there maybe a week. So then I come out to this place in the desert. I count on staying out in the country in the West for several years. My greatest desire in the world is to be a hippie dope farmer.